

Idiot Siege
By
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The tower fell and cheers rang up from the crowd.

“All hail the new King!” they cried. “Death to the tyrant Tiberius!”

The rabble pounced, hoping to loot the rubble for valuables. They skipped over the wounded, ignoring the pleas for help and assistance.

Until one man noticed the colors worn by the victims.

“Oh, crap...”

Others turned to look, horrified realization dawning.

Miles away, Tiberius lowered his spyglass and turned to his council.

“Looks like the idiots have realized their mistake,” he growled. “Should have time for lunch and tea before they get here. Is the hot oil ready?”